UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1238.

Original Poetry.

"THERE IS A LOVE THAT CHANGETH NEVER."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There is a love that changeth never,—
Hearts around us all decay!
All the joys of earth are ever
Fleeting, like the clouds, away!—
Far beyond a wayless river,
Lieth a land of violets grey,
Where the love that changeth never,
Keepeth one eternal day.

Where is the dream that woke thy spirit,
Giving joy to the young May time?
What doth now thy heart inherit
From the flowers of manhood's prime?
Where are the eyes that gave open thee?
Where is the love that liken'd thy blood?
Flowers and eyes and love wait on thee,
In thy grief, the flower-lone tomb.
There is a love that changeth never,—
Hearts around us all decay;
All the joys of earth are ever
Fleeting, like the clouds, away!
Far beyond a wayless river,
Lieth a land of violets grey,
Where the love that changeth never
Keepeth one eternal day.

Like the dove,—o'er waste waves sweeping,
Greeth the broken heart, in vain,
Seeking in earth and sea and weeping,
None dear heart that loves again;
Darkly still comes fate's Decembre,
On such hearts as widely rove,
When, all, save the love that changeth never,
Earth is changing, God is love!

There is a love that changeth never,—
Hearts around us all decay!
All the joys of earth are ever
Fleeting, like the clouds, away!
Far beyond a wayless river,
Lieth a land of violets grey,
Where the love that changeth never,
Keepeth one eternal day.

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER V.

Delamere went home a happy man, for he could not but hope that he was not indifferent to Laura, and he felt more assured of this from the Duchess's letter. So he gave the letter to his joy, and Aunt Letty was soon made acquainted with his happy prospects. She had no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Fielding would be much elated with the prospect of calling such an accomplished young man their son, and only wondered at Delamere's gratification in seeing it. As she loved him tenderly, she soon learned to consider it as an excellent thing, and Laura Grey as the perfection of education and beauty, as well as in goodness of heart was a fair match for him.

Laura, it was accompanied by her sister Maria to school, for her simple-hearted parents soon made her acquainted with the early visit of Delamere, and of his affection for her. Aunt Letty was no dissuading from them that she willingly pestered learning German in the evening, and that it really would be a relief not to go to school.

The winter passed delightfully; the whole town seemed full of the engagement of Delamere and Laura, and they all rejoiced at the news, for now he would be a fixture. Mr. Meadows had left Darfield to live with Aunt Letty, but as he had told every body of his intention, she was aggrieved if bothered, and was prepared with an answer.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Grey, for your kind offer," said she, "and I make no doubt you would be a good friend to me, but I have no desire to marry again: I hope you will not be offended at my plainness."

"Offended, indeed!" said the honest man, "I expected you would refuse at first. I can wait awhile till you get more used to me, and I have no fear of your not changing your mind."

"Do not hope any such thing, Mr. Grey, and Aunt Letty, endeavoring to be angry, "I never change my mind on such important subjects as this. As to getting more used to you, don't see how you every day, and sometimes twice a day!"

Yes, but now it will be different; you will have only to come, and you will be saying out all my faults, and then you will be quite reasonably trying to correct them, and so, what with one thing and what with another, you will get to like me, faults and all."

Aunt Letty laughed and shook her head. "I'll tell you what I will do for you, Mr. Grey," said she, "and that is the most I can promise. I will make your washerwoman keep the basket of clean clothes to me, and I will send them home and tell that you have got in good order—will that do?"

Why, that will do for a beginning; and when I come to think of it, nothing could be better, for you will get your hand in, and when we are married, it will be no handship to you."

Delamere laughed heartily at what he told him of the offer, and of its ending in her mending his linen. He knew that she never would marry Mr. Grey; indeed, he could not bear to part with her, for how was Laura to do without her kind motherly assistance? Besides, he could return, which he hoped would be the case now, for she had no one to control or direct her.

In answer to Mrs. Howard's letter came, and on the afternoon—the last afternoon that he was to teach at Annerdale, he contrived to give the letter to the lady into her own private hand. Mr. Howard told him that they should sail for London on the first of April, and that he could return, which he hoped would be in a twelvemonth, he should be glad to renew his acquaintance with him, and on more pleasant terms. This, he thought, was great condescension, and he expected that Delamere would have acknowledged it gratefully, but Delamere had no desire to be on more familiar terms with such a man. He felt truly interested in Mrs. Howard and her daughter, and most gladly would have contributed to their comfort or pleasure; it was a hopeless case, however, and he could only regret the hardness of their fate.

Mr. Howard handed him a check at three hundred dollars, and begged him to accept of the latest likewise. Delamere would only take the amount agreed upon. He said that the horse was certainly very desirable, but that he could not afford to keep it, so he must decline the kind offer. Mrs. Howard cast a quick glance at her husband, in the hope that he would allow the horse to remain at livery until their return; he understood her, but looked sullen, and so Delamere made his bow and left them.

But tyrannical husbands die as well as those who are cast in a better mould. Mr. Howard went to New York the very day after Delamere finished his duties at Annersdale; he had business to transact previous to leaving the country. He was in that city earlier than he expected, and was seized with a violent fever, which proved fatal in a few days, one of the first victims of the season.

He had finished with the banks and with his lawyers, he had taken berths in the steamer which was to sail in a few days after his wife's arrival, as that time was very little for the ladies to do, excepting to see that the plate and linen were packed and forwarded to New York. They reached the city in safety, and the first thing they heard was that Mr. Howard was dead.

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Mrs. Howard was stunned, frightened, unable to give directions, unable to show even outward signs of sorrow. Miss Howard was more collected, she saw the gentleman who generally attended to her father's business in New York, he made all the necessary arrangements with the captain of a packet to take the remains of Mr. Howard to England, and when Mrs. Howard had so far recovered from the shock as to know what was passing round her they could see that a single cent for sale. Aunt Letty, too, has an income of two hundred dollars a year, and all this she more than spoke of her husband's property. He had disposed of his property. We said we had enough for comfort and happiness, and that was all we desired."

"Yes, indeed," said Delamere, "you are certain that it is your unworthy, runaway nephew, are you not? You seem to be in doubt by your tone as to what he is."

"I have no doubt of your identity, but I want to catch a glimpse of craziness, as that I may have you put in the lunatic asylum, that is all. That any man in his senses should prefer the life of a drudge, for such you are, to that of a gentleman, of independent, and princely fortune is a thing not to be credited."

Delamere laughed and said his uncle might be sure he would not be sent as a lunatic to be locked, but that his best plan at present was to take a walk round the little town, as he had not been out in the air as soon as he left Mr. Betterton's office.

"I saw Betterton before I came in this old inferno! Gentlemen are you ashamed of yourself to stoop to a thing so low, I have no patience with you, I told Betterton I should disgrace you."

"Why I told him you had done so long ago, but what took you there?"

"Business, and I was a fool at last," said he, "a fine chase I have had after you, but better late than never, what are you doing here in this miserable hole?"

"Sit down, uncle, I really am glad to see you, and am happy to see you in such good health."

"I am not in good health, and you are not glad to see me, so say no more, but prepare to get back with me as soon as you can."

"Go back with you!"—and Delamere fairly shuddered, and so did Aunt Letty, for she thought that he declare his love for her niece to Letty, but as he had told every body of his intention, she was aggrieved if bothered, and was prepared with an answer.

"I shall make you return, whether you choose it or not, you left me before you were of age, and I can compel you to serve out your minority."

"I have inquired into that matter, uncle, and find that on coming of age I appointed my guardian or master, besides, you had funds of mine in your hands, more than was required for my education, I only ask for my own, I want nothing. Let us be friends, my dear uncle, I am the only child of your only brother, you must have some tenderness for me, particularly as you never have had any trouble or anxiety on my account."

"Anxiety! Rest in that all you know of my feelings! Was it no trouble to me that you refused to marry a rich heiress, you, it was the cause of plagues and troubles, for I married her myself!"

"Why have you not heard that she is dead, I am sure that I wrote to you to that effect, mind, she is dead, and I have all the estate, tell me by will, and all this might have been yours!"

"I really care nothing about her estate, I am in an excellent way of earning my bread, and benefiting others. I am engaged to be married!—to my pupil!"

"You—you engaged to be married!—to my pupil!"

"To the daughter of a farmer, a very lovely girl, and you will be charmed with her. I will take you to her house this evening. Sometime you must see Mrs. Bolton, the kind affectionate friend who encouraged me to bear all the hardships of my life while in your counting-house, and who had ever since been my friend and councellor."

"I have no wish to see her, and as to this bewitching keeping, you must quit it directly, I want you home again, and I shall not return without you."

"Is the daughter of a farmer, a very lovely girl, and you will be charmed with her. I will take you to her house this evening. Sometime you must see Mrs. Bolton, the kind affectionate friend who encouraged me to bear all the hardships of my life while in your counting-house, and who had ever since been my friend and councellor."

"I have no wish to see her, and as to this bewitching keeping, you must quit it directly, I want you home again, and I shall not return without you."

"Yes, you will, I am glad to hear it, uncle, for you will not. But let us talk of something else, till after dinner, ah, here comes the dear friend, she has been in the kitchen, I dare say, of course—"

"Why have you not heard that she is dead, I am sure that I wrote to that effect, mind, she is dead, and I have all the estate, tell me by will, and all this might have been yours!"

"I really care nothing about her estate, I am in an excellent way of earning my bread, and benefiting others. I am engaged to be married!—to my pupil!"

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"To

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the new premiums.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godney's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ Mr. J. R. WILSON is our Agent for *Pittsburg, Allegheny City, &c.* N

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Dr. Daniel C. Murdoch, late of Bonnettsville, South Carolina, who is in search of his three sons,

Of Wm. A. Murdoch, late of Bonnettsville, Virginia, do.

Of S. C. Spencer, late of Adam's Mills, Ohio, do.

Of Henry Stanley, late of Washington, New York, do.

Of J. Dugnesse, late of South Chin, New York, do.

Of W. W. Troutman, late of Boston, Kentucky, do.

Of Wm. D. Cook, late of Mittingsen, Maryland, do.

Of Hiram Campbell, late of Palmyra, Ohio, do.

Of Glenn M. Simmons, late of Quitzman, Louisiana, do.

Of Enoch Moore, late of Lancaster, Kentucky, do.

Of J. D. Squire, late of Mountsville, Pinata, do.

Of E. Washburn, late of do. do.

Of H. W. Jenkins, late of Winton, N. C. do.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our paper, this week, presents a smaller interest again in its columns. We had, last week, to record a truly melancholy and afflictive occurrence in a sister State; we have to-day the particulars of a disastrous event in our own. Where, a few days since, all was prosperity and cheerfulness, the wail of calamity has spread desolation and gloom.

The first intelligence of the conflagration in Pittsburg fell like a thunder clap upon every ear. Getting bruited abroad upon the Sabbath, the news of a calamity so serious and unexpected, broke up the quiet of that day, and naturally and necessarily diverted the thoughts of all who heard of it, from all other themes. Sad as is the reality, common fame magnified it far beyond its actual extent, and people went abroad on Monday, prepared to hear intelligence of much greater evil than actually then befell.

We are gratified to find the public, in the immediate scene of the conflagration, as well as here, looking the event steadily in the face; and preparing to make the best of an event which, with good heart, will be the more readily repaired. The energetic spirit which our people will not suffer them long to be depressed by any calamity, ordinary or extraordinary The ready hand of friendship will be promptly extended—and we trust, too—"hands with hearts in them"—and something more tangible also, if less poetical.

In getting up our account we have drawn upon the best and most reliable sources, preferring official accounts, and giving the documentary matter from the Councils of Pittsburg and the Executive of the State. It is a subject which will be referred to for many a year as marking an epoch. Long may it be before a similar calamity befals any town or city in our country, to dispose the palm with Pittsburg for the great conflagration.

On our outside the reader will notice that the good Schoolmaster of Dunfield, has at last reached an end of his adventures; and good Aunt Lucy is comfortable to the last. How she could find it in her heart to be so callous to a certain very good sort of a man, we cannot conceive,—but women will be women, and Aunt Lutty, no doubt, is right.

The Sea Sketch will be read with interest by all who have read the passage "North About," and, we trust, by all others who have any taste for nautical sketches.

TALKING TELEGRAPH.

Telegraphic communication, by electricity, is yet in its infancy. More wonders are to be done by it yet than we can have a notion of. Professor Locke, of Cincinnati, has made an amazing modification of Professor Morse's Telegraph, by which it articulates sounds or the elements of words as well as to record the letters. The letters used are those of Morse, and they are made audible by a pipe sounding in the meantime during the time of a dot or line executed by the proper Morse Telegraph; but interrupted during the blank or space of the letter. Indeed, the Telegraph exhibited will register the words on paper at the same time that the pipe is sounding them, the pipe being open and continuing to sound while the style is making the writing fillet. Thus it will both speak and write at the same moment. When this thing is generally understood, communications may be made audible to a large audience, provided they understand the alphabet, which becomes a kind of monotonous music; the short lines or dots being represented by short notes, and the longer ones by tones more protracted. Imagine a large audience in the city of Boston, receiving news from New Orleans within five minutes after the polls are closed, and sending back three times three per telegraph!

ARTIFICIAL ARM.

In our notice of the artificial arm, made by Dr. Samuel H. Bean, of this city, published in the Post of last week, we made use of the accidental error, which it is perhaps as well to correct. The Dr.'s intention was not examined by a Committee of the American Institute, but by a Surgical Committee. In speaking of his improved large, we should have said that it is an improvement upon the large of Commissioner Cook.

By the way—speaking of arms—we notice a remembrance, in the Boston Transcript, written by Mr. Wm. Dodd, in which he states that having lost his right arm below the elbow part, he had manufactoring a very simple artificial arm, which looks quite natural, and has enabled him since July last, to make with it fifty-two coats of various descriptions, twenty pair of pants, and a general assortment of work. He is very willing to show it to any one who has had a like misfortune.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We find in the Northampton (Mass.) Courier, a notice that on a certain day the "Horticultural Club" would have on its plaid shawls and round the village. It is a great pity that our country towns are so destitute of trees. It would be well worth the comparatively little expense to shade nearly all country roads, if the reform were carried forward gradually, when the trees had become large enough, and then public spirit prompted. The country would then have perfect gardens in its village, and health, beauty and comfort all would be promoted. "Aye, be sticking down a tree" is no excellent motto.

MR. MURDOCH.

This actress, Jane Murdoch, whom we are proud to claim as a Philadelphian, has been for some years resident in Boston, where she has received the highest testimonials of the estimation in which he is held as a gentleman, as well as a Professor of Elocution. We observe that he is delivering a series of lectures in New York; and we trust that he may long keep him to this city also, where his friends will be delighted to see him, and the public generally will be glad to see and hear.

THE LOST AT SEA.

The New York Express, contains a list of forty-one vessels, which are now so / and supposed or known to be lost, forming an aggregate destruction of life and property almost without a parallel in the history of commercial enterprise.

Terrible Calamity.

GREAT FIRE IN PITTSBURG,

ONE THIRD OF THE CITY BURNED.

The reader will find below the fullest particulars which we have been able to collect, of a terrible calamity which has befallen the City of Pittsburg. The fire period of exceeding brightness which has been experienced, has indeed been a terrible one. The rapid spread of the flames. As an example of the lightning like celerity with which the destructive progress, it is stated in the Pittsburg Age that the whole of South Ward, containing from seven to nine hundred houses, was consumed in less than the time we have stated. From the time the fire reached this Ward, across Wood street, until it spread to every part of it, covering about fifteen squares, there was scarcely an interval of *half an hour*. The Monongahela Bridge took fire at the North end, next to Pittsburg, and the flames ran roaring and crackling the whole of South Ward, containing from seven to nine hundred houses, was consumed in less than the time we have stated. From the time the fire reached this Ward, across Wood street, until it spread to every part of it, covering about fifteen squares, there was scarcely an interval of *half an hour*. The Monongahela Bridge took fire at the North end, next to Pittsburg, and the flames ran roaring and crackling with nearly all its immense length of the rapid spread of the flames. As an example of the lightning like celerity with which the destructive progress, it is stated in the Pittsburg Age that

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to forward subscriptions addressed to us. The word "five" or "four" is not a frank.
Agents will please write their names and the name of the county or town.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post-Office unless the postage is paid.
Letters discontinued only at the end of the current half year unless ordered, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bills, Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and State of Post-Office.
Remarks must always state the Post Office to which they are to send and to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs. Hosea *Jay*, R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, *T. Gardner Smith*, *C. F. Taylor*, and *J. Pennington*.
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JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. DUNN, BOYD, are our agents in Kentucky.
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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in Massachusetts.
E. P. We have no travelling agent by the name of Wiley.

Notices of New Works.

FARMERS' AND ENGINEERS' HAND BOOK. *By Josiah T. Marshall, author of the Component Iron Goods of New York Public Buildings & Co. Philadelphia: Appleton.*—Some idea of the usefulness of this work may be obtained when it is stated, that it contains descriptions about the choice of site, mode of travel, clearing of land, and general information concerning generally, farmery, cookery, and the preservation and care of diseases, with copious hints, receipts, and tables. The work is of large dimensions, and contains *three hundred different* pages of information respecting the management of a farm, commencing with the purchase. It has also a summary of the Constitution of the United States together with the principal statute and land laws affecting emigrants and new settlers, and an immense amount of matter which it is not possible for us to enumerate without making a number of pages. Even as the table of contents alone referred to. This is the second edition of the work published by Mr. Marshall scientifically, so far as our knowledge goes, endorses the high praise which it has received.

TREASURE OF INSTRUCTION. The fourth number of *Zieber & Co.'s* "Home and Travellers' Library," is an interesting collection of the most remarkable passages of "Imposture, Deception, and Credulity," in the History of the World: and may therefore with safety be pronounced a book that will never go out of fashion. The clairvoyants and impostors which have had their day, and become insignificant matters, now occupying only the second under some new shape, and sometimes without even the pains to "assume a new name and outline," but the work will answer the curious as a mine of peculiar passages for whatever bonking may be the order of the day. It is an interesting volume.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The number of this valuable Journal for April, has been received. The table of contents is as follows: Original communications, furnished by Isaac Hays, M.D., Surgeon of Wills' Hospital, &c. Lea, Editor of Lawrence; J. Marion Sims, Mem. Surgeon of the Hospital of Women and Children, New York; Professor D. Gilbert, Penn. College; A. Bigham, Mem. Clerk Hall, Berlington, Vt. There are eighteen reviews and bibliographical notices in the number, and altogether, it is an excellent specimen of a work which will supersede the best medical works of the day.

GRAHAM AT PHILADELPHIA. *Boston: Bradbury, Soden, & Co. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.*—Peter Parley is a remarkable old gentleman we have long known, but we never had a suspicion of the wonderful versatility of his chief talent come before us in the Cabinet Library of Standard Literature, No. 1, for April. It is the volume on "glance" at Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Social, and a great deal more intelligible and useful than we could have thought it possible to be written, and still keep the abstract intelligible.

THE DEAD BIRDS. *New York: Pudney & Russell, Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—The twenty-fourth and last number of the beautifully painted book has been received. It is published in five with the paper and the package with which it is embellished, are in good taste and well executed. The letter-press, sometimes too much for church, in the publication, a volume which will remain a most beautiful memorial of departed friends.

THE WARREN WORCHARD. *By Frank Forrester in H. W. Herbert's Magazine.*—This is a reprint of the beautiful sporting sketches, which appeared originally in the Spirit of the Times. To all who like the description of treating, and they are many, these sketches will prove a most welcome companion.

THE BOOK OF THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. *Edited by Samuel G. Drake. A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—This work, one of the most popular, or rapidly thumbed and beautifully printed, and includes all the most interesting documents to be said upon the subject on which it treats. It cannot fail to be popular and useful.

THE DOMESTIC GIRL.—*Fleetwood & Co.*, have published a pamphlet under the name of the Domestic Girl, including six of its popular songs, a waltz, a galloppade, and a quickstep. It is published as an extra to the Yankee Doodle, and is a quarter's worth, as is not other to be met with. *T. B. Peterson* has it for sale.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE FARM. *Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., T. B. Peterson, and Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is a powerfully written work by the Professor of Wine Yale, Stone Yale, and other tales, and shows in a strong light, the domestic connection which the war of gentlemen has with it.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Part XII of this work has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Lindsay & Blakiston*.—It finishes the Book of Job down to the XLIVth Psalm; and is tastefully embellished with side engravings and initial letters.

SARTAIN, or THE TREASURY OF THE ARTS. *New York:

Selected Poetry.

LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

They say who deem love's brightest hour
In blooming youth is known;
So proper, 'tis, that passion's power
In after life is shown;
When judgment matured and subdued
To riper years are given,
And mind, perfected, brings our viewed
In light that breaks from heaven.

It is not to the flush of youth,
Or days of cloudless mirth,
We find the tenderness and truth
Of Love's deepest worth;
Like fire it has a higher power
Which flows in manhood bright
Than when in childhood's hour
To dance in sporting light.

'Tis when pleasing troubles arise,
And life is like the ocean,
When passion's tempests darken the skies,
Unchanged by the season's commotion,
When all around is cheerless and cold,
And dreadful looks menace,
'Tis when we feel our spirits bound
By intertwined embrace.

Oh! then as to the seamen's sight
The lonely star appears
Surpassing far the hottest bright
Of summer's cloudless days,
Even such, to tried and wounded hearts
In manhood's dreary years,
The gentle light true love imparts
Most welcome, cool, and pure.

Its incense on minds of joy breath
Then freshening brightness flung,
And show that life has somewhat left
To which their hopes may cling;
It steals upon the sick in heart,
The heedless it stir,
To bid their desires and fears depart,
And new affections.

If such be Love's triumphant power
On after years' beset by pain,
Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour
Of innocence unblest?
In youth, 'tis like the summer's gleam
While flowers and verdure try,
In after life, its splendors seem
Linked with eternity!

Selected Tales.

FROM THE PORTLAND TATRIOT.

THE GOLD RING.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

CHAPTER I.

How gently sleeps the setting sun
When stern misfortune lowers!
We see the same bright hand of love
In sunshine and in showers.
We then discover the heavenly sky,
Behind the clouds they hover
Bright fields of golden grandeur lie,
And seas of splendor flow.
They gently bend, their curtains open
When angry storms arise—
Their hands are hand of grief to take,
And wash for brighter skies.

Emily Acton was an excellent young lady of some eighteen years. Her parents although in humble circumstances, were industrious, and the daughter was early taught to depend herself about that which was useful. She took pride in rising early and getting through her work by the time her mother arose; after which she would busily herself in the kitchen, or sew or knit. Unlike a great many of her sex, she was seldom seen at the window to watch the young men who passed, dressed in the height of fashion. It was not because Emily was poor, but she had a different taste, and thought more of her character and the assistance she might render her mother. Her dress was always neat, but never gaudy; and it did not trouble her if she could not follow the foolish fashions of the day. Emily was also interesting in her conversation. She would not hear her talk about the fellows and the beaux, from one month to another; nor remark what this person and that wore at church. She attended meeting to hear, and not to see and be seen; and what she heard was treasured in her mind. Miss Acton was called a little odd by some of her fleeting young friends, who were all fly fashion and show—but they loved her nevertheless. Emily had an excellent disposition; she was kind and accommodating, and never indulged in angry words or manifested unpleasant feelings.

Mr. Acton was a worthy shoemaker; but as his business was not very good he set an expert workman, it was with difficulty that he paid his debts and lived comfortably. To purchase the necessaries of life requires no little sum, especially when rents are high and wood and flour are dear. To help along in the family, Jane was in the habit of doing her work, and often earned from twelve to fifteen shillings a week. This she gave to her mother to expend in any way she might think proper.

One morning as Emily was returning some work that she had made, she picked up a small gold ring. On examining it as she returned home, she discovered the initials "J. E." engraved on the inside. "Mother," said she, "this may belong to some one who lives in high; otherwise I think the owner would not have had his engraved on the inside."

"If so you may find the owner; for it will certainly be advertised."

"Do you think one would go to that expense for so trifling a thing?"

"Not unless it is valued more as a gift than for the gold it contains."

Emily carefully put away the ring in her tent and thought but little of it for a few days. On Tuesday morning when she looked over—for Mr. Acton was a subscriber to this paper—on looking over the advertising columns Emily exclaimed,

"Why, mother, the ring I found last week is really advertised."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, it describes the very ring."

"Run and get it, and then read to me the advertisement."

Emily brought the ring and handed it to her mother, and read as follows:

"Lost—A small gold ring with the initials 'J. E.' upon it. The ring is prized as the gift of a friend, and whoever has found the same shall be liberally rewarded for leaving it at the store of ——, in Middle Street."

"It must be yours, Emily, and you had better carry the ring to the store this morning."

"I will, mother; but I shall charge nothing for finding it."

Putting on her things, Emily started for the shop in Middle Street. On entering she made known her errand, and the store-keeper remarked that the person who lost the ring had left two dollars for him to pay, should any one present it. But Emily refused to take the money, and left the ring. The shop-keeper insisted on her taking the two dollars.

"The gentleman is rich and is able to pay," said he.

Finding that she refused and was leaving the shop, he called her back and requested her name and residence, which she did not hesitate to give, and then left the shop and returned to her home.

The following Monday, when Emily and her mother were at their work-table, some one knocked at the door. The old lady went to see who was there, and presently returned, telling her daughter a young gentleman was in the front room, and wished to see her. Giving her face and hands on her apron, she hastened into the room without unrolling her sleeves or unpinning her gown. Yet she did not apologize for her appearance, taking it for granted that if a gentleman wished to see her, he would know that to work was no disgrace, and that on Monday morning she must of course be found at the wash-tub.

As she entered the room the gentleman remarked, "If I mistake not, you are the young lady who recently found a gold ring and left it at the store of Mr.——."

"Yes sir."

"But as you refused to take the two dollars I left, I didn't know but you might think it too small a sum, and I have called to be rewarded with five dollars."

"Oh, sir, I did not think I ought to be paid for doing my duty, and therefore I refused to take it; and I hope you will not deem me unfriendly."

"But I must open your taking it. Here, accept this bill."

"I cannot consent to take it. It would not be right for me to be paid for discharging my duty; do you think it would, sir?"

"The ring I value at no more than cost. It was a ring worn by a very dear friend, who died about two years since, and to me that ring cannot I prize it. But I merely ask you to take this bill as a token of my feelings, and not for a very honest act—and take it you must."

"I do not urge me to take it, sir."

That is—take it—and say not another word."

Reluctantly Emily held out her hand and took the five dollars—remarking that she would endeavor to make good use of it.

"I have no doubt of that," said the stranger, seeming but little inclined to leave:—"you have probably learned how to make good use of money."

"Yes sir—as my parents are poor, I am obliged to earn my own living by sewing and knitting; and I assure you very little for what I think is not really useful."

"You take a book, then?"

"Yes, sir—all that I can get to do."

"I have some shirting I should like to have made up. Can I get you to do it?"

"I should be glad to do it for you."

Bidding Emily good morning the stranger left the house, while the industrious girl returned to her washing.

"Mother," said she, "who do you suppose the stranger is?" He appears to be an excellent man, and insisted upon my taking five dollars for finding the ring."

"I cannot tell: he must be some rich man's son, or he could not afford to give you so much."

"Some one, mother, he says he will give me some work."

"If he should, and you do it very well, it may open the way for more employment. He should a lot you would work for gentlemen as take it from they shops."

Cheerful and happy Emily continued at her work for a day. She never had a desire to spend to walk the streets, or gossip from house to house: her thoughts were how she could make herself most useful, and better promote the welfare and happiness of her mother.

CHAPTER II.

I seek a female in whose heart
Domestic comforts dwell,
Not fond of gaudy dress or show,
Or pleasures of the world;
Who neither at her work is seen
Then puts the worn-out book away,
Addressing every male she meets,
In terms of soft address.

Charles Simonton was the son of a rich man; but unlike the children of many wealthy parents, he was taught to depend upon himself for work. His judicious father had been brought up as a mechanic, and had made his fortune by diligence and industry, and he was determined his son should not be ruined by idleness and improper associates. When he was old enough he was put to learn the trade of a cabinet-maker with Messrs. Gold & Webster, to learn the mysteries of making huts. With these gentlemen he worked hard, and for what he did received his board and clothes. Sometimes his fellow-associates would joke him on account of his steady habits, and even laugh at him for not touching the ardent spirits which were drank by them. But he soon seen the evil of intemperance, and warned them to beware. They heeded him not.

One day two of the apprentices, young Woodman and Harris, determined they would make Charles drink with them, and would ask them, but he sturdily refused. They held him and endeavored to pour the poison down his throat, but could not succeed.

"You will be sorry for this," said Charles—"for I am certain, unless you forsake your practices you will become a disgrace and die drunkard."

They told him that, young Morality," they replied. "Who won't enjoy themselves when they can, must be fools."

Charles made the best of the treatment he received, and was so kind-hearted it was seldom he was revenged. Some of his most excellent mother had taught him lessons of wisdom which he could not forget. When tempted to stay from duty, her image and her counsel were before him, and he turned from the wrong path and pursued a virtuous life.

When Charles had finished his trade his masters offered to give him employment, but his father had business for him which he thought would be more congenial to his feelings—he took him into partnership with himself. The business was lucrative, and prosperity crowned their efforts. About that time Charles met with a severe loss in the death of his mother. She had been a seek for some months, and her death had been daily expected. She gave her son many excellent advice, and begged him never to deviate from a virtuous course.

Charles was now left to himself, and, when he was not employed in business, he placed her gift upon his finger, resolving to part with it only with life.

Mrs. Simonton had slept beneath the cloth of the valley for nearly two years, and Charles had safely kept this relic of her memory. But one day on going to his trunk for some fashionable article of dress, he found it not in the vain. Charles went directly to Isaac Adams, proprietor of the Portland Gazette, and paid him for an advertisement stating his loss, requesting the finder to leave it at a shop in Middle street.

In a few days Charles called at the store and ascertained that his ring had been found.

"But," said the shop-keeper, "the young lady who found it would not take the two dollars reward you ordered me to pay."

"Wouldn't she?—and why?"

"It is more than I can tell. She seemed to think it was not worth that much, and that was what was found. And faith, Charles, she was very pretty indeed."

"But she shall be paid. Just inform me where she lives and I will see that she is rewarded for her honesty."

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In a few days Charles called at the store with the shirting he wished to have made up. It was in the evening. He was politely invited into the back apartment by Emily. While sitting with the good lady Emily bound herself with the clothes, sew and then stopping to converse with Charles. Everything was read about the beauty and style of industry and not of poverty.

In taking leave he was invited to call again by Emily and her mother, the former stating that the work would be finished in the course of a week.

"What a fine young gentleman Mr. Simonton is," said the mother, after Charles had left, for on that evening for the first time they had learned his name.

"He is very pleasant and very kind," remarked Emily. "I really believe he is free from any of your rich men. I really begin to love that young man."

"Seriously do," said the mother. "You seldom see a man of his wealth so pleasant and so free from pride."

"I fear, my child, you will not get such a husband," said she.

"I do not expect it, I never dreamed of such a thing. It was only some of my foolish talk."

The conversation here ceased, and Charles called for his work. It was done, and well done, and he paid Emily for her labor. Charles, however, refused to take more than it was worth, and left the house highly pleased.

When Charles took his leave that night he felt that he loved Emily, and resolved on her. In Dear delivers a lecture before the Benevolent Society. I should be happy to have your company there."

I should be pleased to go," said Emily, and then I shall each other again."

Charles and Emily went to the lecture. A few days after Charles called upon Emily at Mr. Acton's, and every week he spent two or three evenings with her.

A year passed away—just one year from the day that Emily found the gold ring in the street. There was a wedding at the house of Mr. Acton, and Emily was the happy bride. She never looked handsomer. Simonton's joy was complete.

Mr. Kelley visited the happy pair and then revoked the blessing of the Almighty upon them.

As Mr. Simonton was a wealthy man, he built a splendid house in the fashionable street, and he took his excellent companion where they lived in peace, prosperity and happiness for more than half a century. It was in the course of years since that they were departed in the eastern house, followed to the tomb by numerous friends and relations. They died in Christian faith, and a crowded congregation heard them in their sickness, and giving them an interest in those joys which are in reservation for the righteous.

Our Scrap Book.

BEATRICE.

With drooping eyes and drooping curls,
And drooping lips of coral hue,
Pensive yet gracious of sweet grace,
She stands before you.
And o'er her lovely face the while,
Like a bright sunset's golden glow,
Hazle shades among the plaited curls,
Which she so finely braids and plies.

For she hath left the parting throng
Of friends, who, with her, lately were
Where leaves and summer are in their song,
In a green meadow.

And quiet as the scene around,
She modest stands with glad blue eyes,
Her dark eyes bending on the ground.
Ah! would she lift them to you!

But no—she marvels simply so!
Nor will she let such—she will not look
For the rich kisses of both good
To drop our company in blush
Into warm features, and mean
Love's triumph, like the day's, over
To us a troughful more's dream
Of women's light and grace—distinguished.

A young fellow from one of the interior parishes of the State, with hops of more than ordinary longitude, who visited Jackson, La., a short time since for the purpose of witnessing the deliberations of the convention, was asked what he thought of assessation. "Well, I guess," he replied, "you've hard on me there. Never saw Ann Nexation in my life; but I know Ann Thropy, and she's a mighty good kind, ain't she a bunse?"

A young clergyman once related old Dr. Bellamy, with whom he studied, that he was about to supply myself with matter for my sermon?" The latter quaintly replied, "Fill up the cask, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you can't draw liquor, you'll draw a good stream. But if you put to but little, it will dripple, dripple, dripple, and you will get but little after all, and will get but little after long."

An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury: in this case, the counsel on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Read not much at a time, but meditate as much as your time and capacity, and disposition will allow you to leave; ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent watching and prayer, and great devotion is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.—Jeremy Taylor.

Said a gentleman to Digby at the Shades the other day: "That fellow is a dam—d fool, a confounded fellow, and the prince of landlords; but he has one fault, and that is, he gives you such a bountiful dinner." "Not a fault," replied Digby, "that is the only fault I find with him."

Life is like a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit that grows on the ends of their fingers—while genuine, proud and persevering people force their way on and gathering but scratches and bales torn in his trousers.

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man in this town, and that it so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day." "How is that Cuffy? There is only twenty-four hours in a day?" "Why he gets up an hour before daylight, you sequid nigger!"

THE SONG OF THE MERCHANT CLERK'S WIFE.

A PARODY.

Early at morning she arose,
From her cot she quickly rushed,
And to the kitchen in her clothes,
To fly her needle and thread.
Turn—turn—turn,
Long ere the first cock crows,
And never once does she stop to thread the yarn
To mend the ragged hose!

Turn—turn—turn,
With eyes as heavy as lead!
And fingers that ache,
While the rich man sleeps in his bed!
Oh! little the rich man knows,
And little they care if they do,
Of the poverty, hunger, want and woe,
The merchant's clerk goes through.

Turn—turn—turn,
Toe, and foot, and heel,
Elbow, and finger, and thumb,
Weary ear and cheek I feel,
Swell and redden, and burn,
Oh Merchants! who spend your lives
In luxury and ease,
Have ye forgotten the human hearts
That are toiling under their woes?

Toil—toil—toil—
All through the weary day
And toil, toil, toil—
Till night wears away!
Their talk of dancing, and play,
Their talk of theatres, and balls,
And little they care if they do,
Of the poverty, hunger, want and woe,
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Turn—turn—turn,
While I for her his homeward tread,
And there—there—there—
While he sleeps on his warm and bed,
Though my lamp is growing dim,
And the day begins to dawn,
Yet ere I sleep, I will kneel and for him
This garment so old and worn.

Toil—toil—toil—
Through winter's snow and sleet,
And toil, toil, toil—
All through the summer's heat,
And I'll not complain of my lot,
Though I'm poor and lowly and low,
While I for her his homeward tread,
And there—there—there—
For my only children I,
I know not how we shall live,
For heart's grief and pain,
And the firm, my husband slaves for, gives
Me nothing but scorn.

Early at morning she rose
From her cot she quickly rushed,
And set her down in her well-worn clothes
To fly her needle and thread.
Turn—turn—turn,
While the sleepy sun has risen,
And never once does she stop to thread the yarn
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Pope says, in one of his letters to Swift: "I have no other ambition left but that of being a wise, and seeing another enjoy it. I have no other view in life but to be good enough for a monument, if there were a warning friend above ground."

Haydon, the artist, had an artist who was an eye witness to the battle of Navarino, in the peaceful capacity of a passenger, and received a carte blanche to paint what he chose. He received—a dozen shirts that were packed up in it.

The ladies of New York, have resolved not to marry a man who takes the Herald paper—and furthermore, they won't allow a beau to call on them who reads the printer for more than one year's subscription.

"I'll pay you for this!" cried a man to his bondsman, as he struck him a sudden and fearful blow. "Oh, sir, sir! I don't change nothing," said the lad very contently.

THE DANDY'S LAMENT.

Parodied on Gen. Morris's popular Song of "Oh! Married Life," as sung by Russell.

No whiskers yet! no whiskers yet!
And Tom's a pair as black and neat!
He says I'm much too young,
It is not time to wear them out,
And that I'm much too young.
And Jack has got a pair of down,
Excepts a crop of hair, which yearly
Seems to increase,
No whiskers yet! and no mustachio!
Although without a beard I look
Like any girl,
The razor I am longing for,
With Pimple and Lotion I've used enough,
Each morning I've shaved,
I've found not, to my cost, their end
In all a useless labor.

No whiskers yet! no whiskers yet!
And Tom's a pair as black and neat!
They make my father young,
They make my mother young,
They make me, as I'm alone,
Feel old, old, old!
And Jack has got a pair of down,
And such a pair improved on,
Oh!
Feel, I'll do it! and wife too!
I'll have a pair to make the man,
Who wears a false one do as well,
As one Academy of Music,
I'll do it! then I'll have a wife!
Then I'll be happy! though rough read
In general search, and
Then I'll be happy!

The late Mr. John S Jones being asked by a friend, "How he kept himself from being overcome by the heat of an Arabian Calcutta the angry person have all the quarrel himself."

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them they were all envious of his state, for they all wished they could get 'em, "but we are sweet ones."

There is a peculiarity town down east, where the people are so utterly opposed to the smiting an assault, that it is with difficulty they can be persuaded to strike a man outside of it; it is a good sort of advertisement.

Willis spoke the truth when he said that a man is a public benefactor who is always helping people to water, but never thought to be thirsty themselves.

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell a woman that she is not handsome unless you are fond of money.

A great husband now and then is not to be sneezed at, unless your housekeeper has dropped and spoil it.

Paying debts with borrowed money is kicking them into the future; with your own, into the past.

A dandy observed that he had put a pair of brass on his boots to keep them upright. "Well balanced, by jing," said a Dutchman, "brass at both ends."

Two thin gentlemen, comparing notes on the flimsy state of their bodies, one of them said, that a person he knew was as thin as them both together."

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally select a field for the place of action? Because they want to give the balls a chance to grass.

When a man has feelings of sentiment or passion that he would have no one else get, less, he may be certain that nobody else can understand them.

Balance says "the sea is mightier than the sword." But think that states of the ocean solve about the city and the other.

"Nimrod, how many 'great countries' are there upon the face of the globe?" "Four, sir—Ireland, Rhode Island, Coney Island and Texas."

One reason why it's world is not reformed, is because everybody would have others make a start, never thinking of himself.

Why is a fashionable lady like a flag staff? Because she makes a great buzz about a little waist, (waist).

Eastern Sketches.

THE COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

[The lady, a German Countess, has recently made an excursion to the East, and published her travels there. They are chiefly remarkable for the blunt directness of the writer, and for the honest frankness with which she speaks of her own feelings and impressions. Some of the notices he may have picked up from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and words of that character. We give extracts.]

A TURKISH HAREM.

The saloon was full of women. The dancer of Esneh visitors seated themselves upon the different sofas, and the female slaves squatted down in the furthermost wall of the apartment, or squatted themselves upon the floor, or stood upon their superiors. Their service consisted in handing round, first sweetmeats, of which the guest helped himself, then coffee, which was then down with water,—then coffee, in small colored cups, which were handed round in a kind of silver egg-cup. The coffee is not presented to the guests, however, on such a tray; but every little cup is brought by itself, and presented to every one separately, and kneeling; and by two fingers likewise, and with equal caution, must the cup be taken, for the cup and saucer have lays but small feet. Had we been smokers, we should have given the slaves a deal to do. The mother of Sheik Abd-el-Rahman took a fellow-feeling for other beings not smoke—out of respect to us, perhaps. She had a narghile brought, and smoked it in these ladies look. It is grievous to say that I did not find the mother-in-law of the sheik fair in any one of them. The sister of the Pascha has an extremely pleasant and good-humored countenance, but it is so fat and globular, and her figure generally is so round, that she can hardly be called fair in the sense of a large full moon. She wore a lilac-colored taffeta spencer, and a flame-colored silk dress, and a white veil in front on both sides; whilst behind it ran out quite a train. Both articles were richly set with gold and feathers which waved in—I presume—an artistic profusion of locks and curls, locked and frizzled according to the most approved fashion. Her hair was not closed at the neck with a little hook; on the contrary, the fastening of the dress over the mother of Mahdee Bey presented her white bust in a manner which, for these parts of the world, would be considered very indecorous. In the middle of the bosom, and in the shape of chemisette or ruffle, where coolly ought to be, there appeared a large full moon, which, according to our ideas, is pleasing in the extreme. It was composed of diamonds